THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 21, 1806.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

RICHARD PATCH for the MURDER of Mr. BLIGHT.

(Continued from Page 296.)

Evidence for the Crown.

RICHARD FROST said he kept the Dog and Duck, near the premises where Mr. Blight lived. On the evening of the 23d of September, between eight and nine, he received an alarm from Hester Kitchener; he went directly to Mr. Blight's premises; he saw Mr. Blight sit in the arm chair on the left-hand side of the fire-place; it was the back parlour. Mr. Patch was standing in the room; Mr. Blight was sitting in the chair, supporting himself with his two hands.

Mr. Ashley Cooper, surgeon.—I was called in about three hours after Mr. Blight received his wound; I found him lying on the floor of a room which is called the back parlour; I desired he might be carried up to bed, which was done, and I ordered every person from the room, except the surgeons, Patch the prisoner, and a Mr. Ferguson. I then examined the wound, found it about two inches from the navel on the right side, another in the loin on the same side; the anterior one near the navel, having the appearance of a gun-shot wound. On examining the wounds I saw the contents of the bowels from each of them, and as the body was inflated I pronounced the wounds mortal, recommended a slight dressing, and that the patient be kept free from disturbance. I staid

'till next morning at seven. As soon as I saw it was mortal, I naturally thought it my duty to make some enquiry respecting who had done it. I said to Mr. Blight, is there any person whom you suspect to have committed this act? His answer was, No—God knows I never did any man an injury that could lead him to take my life; but Patch has mentioned to me a man of the name of Webster. I then turned to Patch, and said, who is this Webster? He answered, he is a man who was suspected of having robbed these premises, against whom a search-warrant was granted—his house was searched, his son has since absconded. On this I said, surely you should send for the Bow-street officers; his premises should be again searched; to which Patch answered, no, for nothing would be found; and if nothing was found, I should certainly be shot. After a time it was suggested that Mr. Blight's affairs were not settled. I went to his bed-side, and in a tender way told him he was not without danger, and that his affairs should be settled. He said he had a draft of a will which was not signed. Patch went for the will. I said, what alteration do you wish? He said, I wish Mr. Patch and Mr. Ferguson to be added as executors. I made the alteration, and Mr. Blight with considerable difficulty signed the will. I then went to bed, and, about half past six the next morning, Patch came and said, Blight is in great pain, and is anxious to know whether you can do any thing to save him. I answered, I am afraid it is impossible; but I will rise immediately. I went to him, found him in much pain, and his belly swollen. He told me he had slept an hour and a half. I went to London, and promised to return with a physician. About four Dr. Barrington and myself went down, and found he had been dead three quarters of an hour. I opened his body, the wounds he received were the cause of his death: his bowels were cut in three different places. As I left the house, I said to Patch, it is right the will should be left in safe custody, therefore give it me. Patch pulled it out of his pocket. It was sealed and deposited with a man of the name of Brent.

Ann Louisa Davis.—On the 19th of September last, I was coming by Mr. Blight's premises between eight and nine; it was dark. After I got by the gates towards the Dog and Duck, I could just see the gates. My sister, a lady, and servant, were with me. I saw the flash of a pistol, and heard the report; it appeared on my right hand, on the wharf. I stopt about two minutes. I did not observe or hear any body upon the wharf. If any body had got over the pales, I must have seen them. I saw no one get over the pales. I did not meet any body. I did not observe any one come from Mr. Blight's house after I heard the firing.

Martha

Martha Eliza Davis deposed to the same effect.

Michael Wright.—I was returning from Deptford on the night of the 19th, about ten minutes past eight. I went by Mr. Blight's house; I heard the report of a pistol; when I got up to the gate, I saw Mr. Patch; he asked me if I had met any person coming down the alley; if there had been any, I must have met them; I saw no one. He asked me if I would step in, as he had been fired at. I said, I hope not. He said, I wish you would step in 'till my servant returns. I stept in. He said, I will fetch a candle, and shew you where the ball went through. I saw by the reflection of the light a hole through the lower part of the window frame and the shutter. I took the candle to look for the ball, but I could not find it. In the mean time the girl came in with the oysters. Patch said, I have been fired at, Hester. The girl picked up a ball, and I took it and looked at it, and it appeared like a half circle. We withdrew to another parlour, and I asked Patch if I should bring any body to sleep in the house, as what had happened was very alarming. He said I need not give myself that trouble; he did not accept the offer. I said perhaps it might be a ball fired from some police boat. He said he did not think it was so, if he did he should be satisfied in his mind there would not be any more firing. I said, if I was you I would advertise it by hand-bills, and likewise by public papers. You may depend upon that, said he, and will bid 50l. reward. I asked Patch if he had any fire arms in the house. He said he had a pair of pistols that cost five guineas, but he had not got any ammunition. Mr. Frost offered to supply him with some, which he declined.

William Kinnaird, a surveyor, verified the plan and model produced.

Hester Kitchener.—I lived in the service of Mr. Blight about two months; I remember my mistress going to Margate; my master went with her, and returned home again. He went again on the 19th, Patch accompanied him in the morning, and returned in the evening. When I first came into the service the family sat in the back room, but for seven weeks they always sat in the front room. When my master went away Mr. Patch sat in the front room; about eight in the evening of the 19th, I went for six pennyworth of oysters. When I returned, Mr. Patch was talking with Mr. Wright and his wife near the window. He said, is that you Hester, I have been shot at. I said, Lord have mercy on me! where? He pointed and said through the window. I had left all the windows shut up when I went out. Mr. Wright went for Frost, leaving Mrs. Wright, Patch, and me in the house. We looked for the shot, and at last found it underneath the window. They all said it was a shocking affair. Patch said he did not know he had an

enemy in the world, or Mr. Blight. My master came home about seven o'clock the next Monday morning. My master went out after breakfast, and then Patch went out on horseback. He had boots on: he usually wore boots. In the afternoon they had tea in the back room. Mr. Patch had shoes on, and white stockings. In the evening the gates were left shut, as usual. After tea, my master and the prisoner were drinking grog. I was sitting in the kitchen by the fire-side, and could not see the parlour door. In about half an hour, Patch came and said, Hester, give me a candle. I have got a violent pain in my bowels. I gave him the candle, and he took the key of the counting-house off the dresser. He went out of the door. I heard the counting-house door open, and I heard him walk very quick across the counting-house. I heard him step into the privy, and the privy door slam to; and the instant I heard that, I heard the report of the pistol. My master came in to me, and came up to the dresser, and said, Hester, I am a dead man. I said, Lord have mercy on me! I hope not. I screamed violently, ran and shut the street door. I was returning about half way of the length of the passage when I heard a violent knocking at the door. I found Mr. Patch at the door; his small clothes were all unbuttoned. He went to the kitchen, and said, Lord have mercy on me! Mr. Blight, what is the matter? I said my master is shot. We helped my master into the parlour. Patch told me to go and fetch assistance. I said I was afraid to go. He desired me to take hold of Mr. Blight's hand, and he would go. I said, you shall not go. I am afraid to be left alone. I jumped out of the kitchen window; I went to Mr. Frost, and returned with him; he jumped over the gate. My master was laid on his bed, and a surgeon sent for. He died, and there was a coroner's jury. Patch said he did not know what was the matter with the people—there were strange ideas—I was to speak the truth.

Christopher Morgan.—I was passing by Mr. Blight's premises about twenty minutes before nine, on the 23d. When I came to Blight's gate, I received information of what had happened; a Mr. Berry was with me; I went in with my friend, and knocked at the door. The servant said, who is there? I said a friend, who wishes to render assistance. I saw Patch advancing from the parlour door where Mr. Blight was. He began to relate the circumstance. I told him I thought no time should be lost in searching the premises. I asked him for a light, and he ordered the servant to give me one: he followed me to the door with a light. Pointing to an old vessel, he said, you had better search that first. I went with Mr. Berry, and found the vessel 16 feet from the wharf, and no access to it could be had. It was low water. I then examined

to

to see if any body had gone by the water; the mud appeared not in the least disturbed. I am convinced it was impossible for any one to go that way. The wharf, to the best of my recollection, was dirty. We searched the premises, but found nobody. We returned, and Mr. Blight was laying on the bed. I begged Mr. Patch to commission me to go to Bow-street. He told me he did not see the necessity. I repeated that he himself was in the same danger, having been shot at the Thursday before. I asked him again to commission me to go to Bow-street; I told him there must be a cause, and that human nature was not so depraved as for one man to shoot another without a cause. He turned to me and said, he had as much right to suspect me as any man. Then after advising him to have some enquiry made, I went away, finding my services were not accepted.

Mr. Berry corroborated the evidence.

Charles Stonard, a labourer in Mr Blight's yard, remembered hearing a shot had been fired. He saw where the ball went through. He proved that no person could have escaped by the water side without being up to the middle in mud.

Mary Smith, servant at the Brown Bear, Bow-street.—I remember the prisoner sent a message by me to Hester Kitchener; he asked me to take her a glass of wine, and give his compliments, and tell her not to fret, for they only kept her confined to frighten her, to see whether she would alter her story. I delivered the message.

Aaron Graham, esq. the magistrate, proved the examinations of the prisoner. They were read; they were contradictory to most of the evidence given by the witnesses.

George Smith, apprentice to a shipwright, recollects the Monday Mr. Blight was shot. I was passing his premises about half past eight, by the fence near the gate. I heard the report of a pistol, it appeared to me in Mr. Blight's yard; there were three boys and five labourers near. I was about ten or eleven yards from the gate. One of the labourers had a link. No person came from the premises of Mr. Blight; I must have seen them if they had. I might be a minute more or less within sight of the gates. I heard no person attempting to get away.

(To be continued.)

DERIVATION *of the* WORD ATTORNEY.

IN the time of the Saxons the freemen to every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the shire-reave, or sheriff: this meeting was called the sheriff's torn. In this court

court the freemen redressed grievances, elected officers, and heard causes: they were a country parliament, not unlike the house of lords at this day, which, by the way, is the most ancient court in the kingdom. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who attended carried with him the proxies of such freemen, his friends, as could not attend. He who went to the sheriff's torn was said, according to the old Saxon, to go AT the TORN: hence came the word attorney.

A SIMPLE TALE *of* LOVE.

(Continued from Page 272.)

"The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day."—OTWAY.

ART thou conscious, gentle reader, of the divine transports of love? Didst thou ever in the morning of life, drink deep of the nectareous cup of hope, and gaze transported at her illusive visions? Easily, then, may'st thou conceive what were Henry's emotions, when the rising sun aroused him from the arms of Morpheus. The idea of again meeting his Maria inspired him with unusual vigour; and springing from his couch, he hastened to the spot where she had promised to meet him. Now had the morning zephyr arisen from its bed of roses, and wafted aromatic perfumes from its dewy wings; but, alas! how transient was Henry's rapture! how chilled the ardour of his joy, when after traversing the shore 'till the close of evening, no Maria appeared! The next day was equally unpropitious; the charms of his beloved, blessed not his sight; and his soul was like the cheerless hour of darkness, when the orbs of heaven are obscured by the gloom of the tempest. Exposed in his earlier years to the cutting gales of adversity, his mind was not easily disturbed by the trivial vicissitudes of fortune; but in his present disappointment all his boasted philosophy forsook him, insomuch that his cottage ('till *then* the fond retreat of peaceful content) became the wretched hovel of a temporary maniac. On the evening of the third day, being still disappointed, he hurried away to the Vale of Seldon, hoping to ascertain the reason of Maria's absence. Oh! when he beheld the well-known house, his heart throbbed with additional wildness, and his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, in pursuit of the darling mistress of his soul. Alas! his exertions were in vain: Maria was no where to be found. The evening was cold, and the gathering clouds (as if to conceal his wretchedness from the compassionate eye

of Heaven) shed a melancholy gloom over the valley. In this disconsolate state, he wandered into the village church-yard, and endeavoured by every rational argument to extract the barb of sorrow from his heart. "Surely (said he) I am the adopted child of misery! in my youthful friendship, I became the luckless instrument of poor Edwin's fate, and in his downfall was buried all my happiness; and now, that I have cherished a hope of regaining in love, what I lost in the termination of friendship, disappointment obviates my pursuits, and drives me even to despair. Yet, what avail these continued lamentations! Coward that I am, not to endure with more becoming fortitude, a few ills, which death will so soon determine!"

"What awful silence chills me as I tread!
How breathes instruction from the speechless dead!
While all around looks desolately still,
What trains of busy thought my fancy fill!
The graves how close! the tombs how thick they lie!
Oh, when shall death himself be taught to die!"

BIDLAKE.

In this comfortless condition, he strayed around the silent mansions of the departed, 'till the sound of distant music disturbed his meditations. He listened attentively to the dirge-like strain, and shortly after perceived a funeral procession, coming towards the church from Seldon-hall. Such was the perturbation of his spirits, that he immediately fancied his Maria was *no more*; and petrified with horror, he looked like a statue of despair! then suddenly springing forward, he rushed across the adjacent meadows, resolving not to witness a scene, which would inevitably redouble his frenzy. "And yet (cried he) shall the faded charms of my Maria be consigned to the oblivious tomb unattended by her faithful and once-loved Henry? shall common friendship and esteem pay more respect to her memory than *love*? Oh! never, never!" So saying, he again returned to the church-yard, where he arrived just as the coffin was lowering into the grave. "Stay, oh stay! (exclaimed the frantic lover) and first let *me* descend into the nuptial bed; for such it shall be; and her sacred remains shall for ever rest on the bosom of her unfortunate Henry. I *must*, I *will* be obeyed; so give way ye dastard wretches, or suffer the vengeance of my arm." The astonished spectators, hearing such outrageous and unintelligible language, proceeded to secure him, but their exertions were needless, for the wretched Henry sunk exhausted and apparently lifeless on the ground. Here another scene of distress ensued; the lovely Maria, who was there as chief mourner (for it was her poor father's funeral, who,

who, never having recovered the shock of the shipwreck, died suddenly the morning after the lover's last meeting), the lovely Maria seeing Henry fall, uttered an agonizing shriek, and crying aloud, "Oh! save my Henry, save him," fainted in the arms of her attendants. Great was the consternation of the spectators; they gazed on each other in silent astonishment, and the ceremony was suspended 'till Maria was conveyed to Seldon-hall, and Henry to the village alehouse. The event of this confusion may easily be conceived; Lady Montrose, who from motives best known to herself, had declined following an amiable and affectionate husband to the grave, severely reproached her daughter's conduct, and took a very effectual method of putting an end to any further intercourse between her and the daring plebeian (as she called Henry). Henry, in the mean time having recovered his senses, returned to the cottage in a most deplorable condition, but without making enquiries after Maria; being still convinced that she was really dead, and that he had attended her funeral.

"O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife!
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last."

PRIOR.

In this lamentable plight will we leave the distressed lovers, while the muse forms a simple garland to decorate the grave of the virtuous and much-regretted Montrose.

(To be continued.)

History of the British Navy, from its Origin to its present glorious State.

(Continued from Page 284.)

ON the restoration of Charles the Second, the duke of York was immediately appointed lord high admiral; and, by his advice, a committee was named to consider a plan, proposed by himself, for the future regulation of the affairs of the navy, at which the duke himself presided.

In all naval affairs, he appears to have acted with the advice and assistance of Mr. Samuel Pepys, who, first, held the office

of clerk of the acts, and was afterwards secretary of the admiralty; a man of extraordinary knowledge, in all that related to the business of that department, of great talents, and of the most indefatigable industry. All the proceedings of the duke of York, in the management of the navy, either when he was lord high admiral, or after he came to the throne, are minutely detailed, in a great number of manuscript volumes, in the Pepysian library at Cambridge, of which 18 volumes have, at our desire, been sent for our perusal.

The powers which had been before granted to the commissioners of the admiralty and the navy board were recalled, and the entire management was put into the hands of the duke, as lord high admiral; by whom three new commissioners were appointed to act with the treasurer of the navy, the comptroller, the surveyor, and the clerk of the acts, as principal officers and commissioners of the navy.

In 1661, those instructions and standing orders, for the guidance of the principal officers and commissioners of the navy, and the superior officers in the dock-yards, which are still in force, were sent to the navy board by the duke of York. These had been formed under his direction, by Mr. Pepys, and had been found, ever since, of great use and value in the management of the naval departments.

It appears, that after the duke's appointment, great progress was very speedily made in the reparation and increase of the fleet; but on his return from his command, at the end of the Dutch war, which commenced in 1664, he found that, though he had authorized the navy board to make all the addition to their establishment, which the exigencies of the war might require, yet the same careful management had not been continued during his absence. The example of zeal and industry set by Mr. Pepys in his office of clerk of the acts, had not been sufficient, without the presence and authority of the duke, to prevent neglect in the other departments, and the fleet and dock-yards had suffered greatly in consequence of it.

After minute enquiry into the circumstances, a state of the case was, by order of the duke, drawn up by Mr. Pepys, and sent to the navy board in which the beauties of the board, and those of each member of it, taken from the instructions before-mentioned, are stated in different heads, and under each head, the errors and misconduct that he discovered in the execution; requiring a written answer, in a short limited time, from each of them. The answers were given, and, in reply, a second paper was sent to each, pointing out what part of the charge remained unaccounted for; but finding at the same time, that a part of the blame was justly to be imputed to the irregularity and remissness of government, particularly in the supply of money for naval purposes, in con-

sequence of the "deplorable condition of the king's treasure," he continued those officers in their employments, warning them, that on any new neglect they would be removed.

The duke of York remained lord high admiral 'till 1673, when, in consequence of the test required by parliament, to which he would not submit, he resigned; and that office was, in part, put in commision, and the rest retained by the king. Prince Rupert was put at the head of the commission, and Mr. Pepys was, at the same time, raised to the office of secretary of the king in all naval affairs, and of the admiralty; by which means his influence was increased, the current business, by the king's direction, came to be left almost entirely to him, and, on extraordinary occasions, when the commissioners met, the duke of York assisted: the careful management which he had established was, consequently, not departed from, or relaxed, 'till 1679; at which time there were in sea-pay, and in excellent condition, 76 ships of the line, all furnished with stores for six months, eight fire-ships, besides merchantmen, and a numerous train of ketches, smacks, yachts, &c. with more than 12,000 seamen; there were also 30 new ships building, and a good supply of stores in the dock-yards.

But a complete change then suddenly took place; the loose dissipation of the king having still added to his great pecuniary difficulties, he was induced to give up the plan, which he had formerly pursued with so much zeal, of supporting and increasing the navy, on account of the expence attending it. The duke was sent abroad, and Pepys to the tower. A new set of men were made commissioners of the navy, who, though of fair moral character, were without the experience, ability, or industry, which that important situation requires.

All the wise regulations, formed during the administration of the duke of York were neglected; and such supineness and waste appears to have prevailed, that at the end of not more than five years, when he was recalled to the office of lord high admiral, only 22 ships, none larger than a fourth-rate, with two fire-ships, were at sea; those in harbour were quite unfit for service; even the 30 new ships which he had left building, had been suffered to fall into a state of great decay; and hardly any stores were found to remain in the dock-yards. The first act of the duke of York on his return, was the re-appointment of Mr. Pepys, as secretary of the admiralty; and his whole conduct on that occasion, in the management of the affairs of the navy, bears the most conspicuous marks of professional knowledge, moderation, and œconomy, mixed with firmness and wisdom. He proceeded with great earnestness to the examination of the superintending officers, but gave them a year of trial, to correct the abuses which their former neglect had allowed. At the end of that year, observing no reform made,

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and them unequal to the task, the greatest pains were taken to find out the ablest and most intelligent men, to whose card the re-establishment of the navy, the remedy of abuses, and the restoration of order and discipline were to be committed.

In the manuscript collections of Mr. Pepys, there is a paper, prepared by the duke's command, containing a list of all the great ship-builders in England, with their characters, in respect of fitness for the objects which he had in view. Among these, Sir Anthony Dean is stated to be a man of by far the greatest abilities; one indeed, without whose assistance the proposed reform could not be made; but on being applied to, he declined the employment, his professional emoluments being greater than those offered to him. By the advice of Mr. Pepys, a full compensation was given to him for the loss of those emoluments; and he was, with three others, then joined with the former principal officers in a new commission.

These new commissioners were men, in the words of Mr. Pepys, possessing "a practised knowledge of every part of the works and methods of the navy, both at the board and in the yards; a general mastery in the business of accounts, vigour of mind, and approved industry and integrity;" and to each of them was committed a distinct branch of the proposed reform, for which his talents were the most suited.

Those old commissioners whose conduct had been most complained of, were not permitted to interfere in the measures of reform, which the rest were instructed to pursue. They were not, however, displaced, no wilful transgression being laid to their charge, but were directed entirely to confine their attention to the business of a committee of accounts.

An estimate, formed by Mr. Pepys, for the complete repair of the fleet and dock-yards, and the supply of stores, was laid before the new commissioners, in which the whole expence was limited to 400,000l. a year, to be supplied in weekly payments for three years, in which time the whole was to be completed; and this was considerably less than what had annually been expended by the former commissioners, during the few years of remissness and waste.

The commissioners, after full consideration of the plan, undertook what was proposed to them; and it appears from the very full account of the whole proceedings, left by Mr. Pepys, that they performed what they had undertaken, in less time than was allowed for it, and at less expence.

In two years and a half after the commissioners were appointed, the king visited the dock-yards; and finding every thing accomplished to his satisfaction, and the whole business arranged, he dissolved the commission, with marks of his high

approbation, and then restored the management to the regular boards. The commission was opened at Lady-day, 1686, and was closed on the 12th of October, 1688; and by a list left by Mr. Pepys, there were on the 18th of December, 1688:—

Of ships of the line, at sea, or going forth	52
Ditto ..... repaired	41
	93
Under repair	8
To be repaired	3
Newly come in from sea	4
	108

with a considerable number of vessels of smaller size.

Those measures which had been so judiciously planned, and so ably and expeditiously executed, gave, as might be expected, the most general satisfaction.

The revolution took place within two months after the business of the committee was completed; but the naval regulations were wisely left unaltered; the business of the admiralty continued for some time to be carried on under the immediate direction of the king, by Mr. Pepys, 'till the arrival of Admiral Herbert and Captain Russel from the fleet, into whose hands, he says, "he silently let it fall;" and, under the system formed by the duke of York, with his aid, the civil government of our navy has ever since been carried on.

We have stated those proceedings the more fully, not only because the system under which the civil affairs of the navy have ever since been conducted, was then methodized and settled; but because the circumstances give very useful information, and hold out an example which well deserves attention in the present times.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A solemn Dirge, after the Manner of Ossian, composed when in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the Morning of January 9, 1806, at the Hour of three o'Clock, to the sacred Memory of Lord Nelson.

ATTRACTED by a sympathy which we, as finite creatures, cannot account for, I now enter thy sacred temple, Omnipotent and Eternal! Solemn is the hour, and equally so is that feeling of patriotism which calls me hither. Already have I bedewed the cold marble, with the softest tear of pity, flowing

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in gratitude; and blest thy name, O God! for thy loving kindness, universal, and benignant. Yet, amidst these pious reflections, how awfully is the mind impressed with the uncertainty of all earthly greatness. Our very existence vanisheth as if it were a dream, and like the fleeting cloud, leaves no track behind. "Yet, death it is, that covers in the fabric, and crowns all; that opens the gate of fame, and shuts that of envy for ever: it unlooseth the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsmen's task into other hands. To die, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature. Tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." To day we live, and have being; to-morrow comes, we are cut off, alike in youth, in age, in misfortune, or in glory! These are thy immutable decrees, O God! and, awed by them, I contemplate at this moment the vast grandeur that surrounds me. These walls, raised by a skilful architect, stand a faint prototype of that immense creation, the world. The glimmering and scattered lamps, may be called the stars; and that soft effulgence from the chaste queen of night, a benign influence, emitting its cheering rays o'er the canopy of this soul-inspiring scene. Not even the haunts of gloomy forests, once sacred to druidism, nor the wild majestic mountain, when the thunder hangs on its summit, shakes its base, and bids it tremble, is more sublime than the fair-proportioned edifice, lifting its lofty dome to heaven. Doubly endearing to that mind which delights to trace the mighty grandeur of ancient Greece, of heroic Rome, and of modern Europe struggling in terrible destiny. Eternal providence! again I stretch my heart to thee, and wondering, view that more than infinity which surrounds me! Wherever I look, a venerable sublimity inspires the mind. The spreading architecture of the temple, the kind radiance of the moon, and the diminutive yet useful glimmering of the lamps; all, all conspire to dignify the midnight hour, and to exalt the mind to thoughts worthy of so grand an occasion. "Here let me hold high converse with the mighty dead, and hail the sacred shades that pass before my wondering eyes." It is done! farewell ye ancient worthies; a son of Britain beckons me, who, ere to morrow's sun descends, is destined in funeral pomp to grace the dying patriot. Even now, methinks, I hear the hero, in the storm of battle, like Leonidas.

"My fate is now impending. O my heart!
What more auspicious period could I chuse
For death than now, when beating high with joy,
Thou tellest me I am happy.

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But

But he who calmly meets resistless fate,
When glory only, and the general good
Invite him forward, must possess a soul,
Which all content deducing from itself
Can by unerring wisdom's constant light
Discern when death is worthy of his choice.
The man thus great and happy in the scope
Of his large mind, is stretch'd beyond his date:
Even on this shore of being, he in thought
Supremely bless'd, anticipates the good
Which late posterity from him derives."

Memorable day, as that on which Leonidas bled, and fell! As that on which a Cato breathed his last! or on which England's Edward, and England's Henry, stemmed the unbounded pride of haughty Gaul. Thrice memorable epochs! sealed by glorious deeds, and for ever sacred to historic fame. The exploits of the hero die not with him; they are wafted down the vale of time. See the proud annals of Greece, great in renown; the splendid records of Rome, dear to learning; and the more recent page of modern achievement: they present nothing to excel the bravery of our hero, whose ardour was unbounded, whose skill was unequalled. The honours paid to him are worthy of him, and of that country which gave him birth. For in battle he was intrepid as the lion, mighty was his valour! To the enemies of his country he never ceased to be dreadful; to his country he was ever dear. He died in a cause worthy of a hero! Immortal honours await his bier; the tears of a grateful people accompany his remains, to the gloomy sepulchre of the dead; a whole nation's generous impulse crowns his sacred tomb with unfading laurel.

——— "Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head:
His virtue more to labour fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable dust,
To seal his country's liberty in death."

ANECDOTE *of* ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.

THE public attention having been unusually excited to the contemplation of great naval achievements, the following particulars respecting Lord Rodney must be considered as highly interesting. On their authenticity we have the most perfect reliance; as they are circumstantially and satisfactorily detailed in the "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland," lately published, written by himself.

" It happened to me, (says Mr. Cumberland) to be present, and sitting next to Admiral Rodney at table, when the thought seemed first to occur to him of breaking the French line, by passing through it in the heat of action. It was at Lord George Germain's house, at Stoneland, after dinner, when having asked a number of questions about manœuvering of columns, and the effect of charging with them on a line of infantry, he proceeded to arrange a parcel of cherry-stones, (which he had collected from the table,) and forming them as two fleets, drawn up and opposed to each other, he at once arrested our attention, which had not been very generally engaged by his preparatory enquiries, by declaring he was determined so to pierce the enemy's line of battle, (arranging his manœuvre at the same time on the table) if ever it was his fortune to bring them into action. I dare say this passed, with some, as mere rhapsody, and all seemed to regard it as a very perilous and doubtful experiment; but landsmen's doubts and difficulties made no impression on the admiral, who having seized the idea, held it fast, and, in his eager animated way, went on manœuvering his cherry-stones, and throwing his enemy's representatives into such utter confusion, that already possessed of that victory in imagination, which in reality he lived to gain, he concluded his process by swearing that he would lay the French admiral's flag at his sovereign's feet; a promise which he actually pledged to his majesty in his closet, and faithfully and gloriously performed.

" That he carried this projected manœuvre into operation, and that the effect of it was successfully decisive, all the world knows. My friend, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet, confessed to me that he himself had been adverse to the experiment, and, in discussing it with the admiral, had stated his objections; to these he got no other answer but that ' his counsel was not called for, he required obedience only, he did not want advice.' Sir Charles also told me, that whilst this project was in operation, (the battle then raging) his own attention being occupied by the gallant defence made by the Glorieux against the ships that were pouring their fire into her, upon his crying out ' behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus.' The admiral then pacing the quarter-deck in great agitation, finding the experiment of his manœuvre (which in the instance of one ship had unavoidably miscarried), peevishly exclaimed, ' Damn the Greeks, and damn the Trojans, I have other things to think of.' When in a few minutes after, his supporting ship having led through the French line in a gallant style, turning with a smile of joy to Sir Charles Douglas, he cried out, ' Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and Trojans, and the whole of Homer's Iliad, or as much of it as you please;

please; for the enemy is in confusion, and our victory is secure.' This anecdote, correctly as I relate it, I had from that gallant officer (Sir Charles Douglas) untimely lost to his country, whose candour scorned to rob his admiral of one leaf of his laurels; and, who, disclaiming all share in the manœuvre, nay confessing he had objected to it, did, in the most pointed and decided terms, again and again repeat his honourable attestations of the courage and conduct of his commanding officer on that memorable day."

CHARACTER *of the* CALABRIANS.

THE Calabrians are a race, barbarous, wild, and revengeful in the extreme. Such is their unsociable disposition, that they prefer living in the open air, like the savages. They pursue their enemies to the entire extirpation of their families, not even sparing infants at the breast, and their hatred is bequeathed, as a valuable inheritance to their posterity. In the frequent wars in which they are engaged with each other, the death of the vanquished is considered as honourable, but natural death they look upon as unfortunate and disgraceful. On such an occasion the women and children deplore the melancholy event. "Was there, say they, "no ball for our husband—for our father? Was he doomed to die, like a despicable citizen, in his bed?" Their women, of whom they are extremely jealous, accompany them, armed, in their warlike excursions, and fight by their side with incomparable intrepidity. They respect no laws, and hold their magistrates in supreme contempt. If severity be sometimes employed, and attempts be made to take offenders into custody, they betake themselves to the woods, where they live by plunder, surprising and murdering travellers; nor has any one the courage to attack them in their retreats. In consequence of their superstitious attachment to a religion, with which they are unacquainted, they reverence their priests, who are almost as ignorant as themselves, and blindly obey their commands. Such is the character of the Calabrians, who, on the invasion of Naples by the French in 1799, hearing of the depredations committed by them, of the shameful manner in which they treated the women and girls, and the contempt they manifested for the ministers of religion, unanimously resolved, in spite of their just complaints against their former government, to oppose, with all their might, the entrance of the enemy into their territory. It is well known, how much the exertions of these Calabrians, headed by Cardinal Ruffo, contributed to the subsequent expulsion of the French from the kingdom.

An ANECDOTE.

AMONG the blasphemous and sacrilegious acts committed by Bonaparte, at the time of his Egyptian expedition, the following is not the least remarkable: When he was marching his army into Syria, with a view of taking the different towns of that province, he signified to his soldiers, that the first man who fell in the attack of Jerusalem should be buried in the tomb of our Saviour! His disgraceful defeat at Acre defeated the impious design.

TURKISH DESERTERS.

MILITARY rigours are not wanting in Turkey, but not so rigid for such as are volunteers. The leaders to whom such deserters belong do not fail to use some diligence to make them return to their colours, and even their relations and friends endeavour to make them sensible of their disgrace and cowardice. But if this should fail, some *joldasce*, or comrades, endeavour to make a public example of their cowardice, by taking a distaff, which, in triumph, accompanied with some sort of instrumental music, they carry in procession through the most public streets of the city, and then plant it before the house of the fugitive, denoting thereby his baseness, and reputing him excluded from their company as a vile and worthless man; thus signifying that whoever behaves in such a manner ought to be employed like a woman with such an instrument, and not with arms in his hands like a brave soldier.

ADMIRAL DUCKWORTH.

THIS gallant officer is the son of a clergyman, and descended of an old and respectable family. He was midshipman on board the Kent, when her aftermost magazine blew up. From this wonderful escape it would appear as if Heaven had rescued him for the glory of his country. He was then appointed lieutenant, and went on the coast of America with the brave Captain Fielding, in the Diamond, where he became a thorough seaman. He was made lieutenant of the Princess Royal, on the West India station; after which he was appointed master and commander of the Rover sloop of war; he was then posted into the Terrible, of 74 guns, whence he was raised to the rank of admiral's captain of the Princess Royal, Admiral Rowley. In all these gradations his merit was conspicuous on many occasions, and not a few presented themselves in the different periods of his nautical life.

Answer, by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge, to S. C. Moore's Rebus, inserted Feb. 17.

THE mottled THRUSH, with honied throat,
Doth sweetly pour his whistling note;
Thro' spring's enliv'ning reign;
But seasons runs, their annual round,
And winter's veil in gloom profound,
Doth hush the featnery train.

☞ We have received the like answer from P. Codd, of Dean Prior; E. C. of Kingsbridge; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; Rusticus, near Hembury Fort; W. R. jun. of Vealmpton; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; John Whittle, of Upway; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. C jun. of St. Dominick; W. Sparks, of Ufculm; W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and M. M. of Dartmouth.

Answer, by J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis, to Adrianus's Charade, inserted Feb. 17.

A BARGAIN, Sir, I'll make with you,
To find your answer, so adieu.

*** Similar letters have been received from T. Giles, officer of excise near Wells; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; J. Colling, jun. of St. Dominick; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; H. Glasson, of Praze; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes; W. D. of Bristol; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; M. M. of Dartmouth; and Rusticus, near Hembury Fort.

A CHARADE, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

NED NORTON took it not amiss
To fill my first with boarded care;
And sure the toper will declare,
My second form an envied bliss.
With sailors oft my whole you'll see,
When jovial met around the bowl;
They sing and dance without controul,
And tell the dangers of the sea.

A REBUS, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

IN social company well met,
My first if e'er should chance to sit,
Then deem it as a pleasure;
And if my next to dois press'd,
Unto my last frequent caress'd,
Oft swells the tuneful measure.
What if to some unskilful bard,
In mystic lore the verse seems hard,
On my transparent whole,
I change the point, still hold the theme,
Perhaps to him it then may seem
More easy to unfold.
Know then, my first is still the same,
Nor of my next think holds the blame,
Whene'er my last enjoys;
Provided due decorum reigns,
And harmony with friendship joins,
To make the heart rejoice.

POETRY.

The SCHOOL BOY.

By HENRY SKIDMORE.

SWEET retrospection! whence thy wondrous pow'rs,
To cheer our life, and pass the heavy hours?
In fancy's pleasing form again to taste
The pleasures of those days that now are past:
Tho' but ideal, still they can impart
A glad sensation to the drooping heart;
Can force a smile from wrinkled age and care,
And make us wish again such joys to share.
Thrice happy days! where yet the vacant mind,
In each small incident a joy could find.
Thus Will would catch each phantom of the day,
And try the fleeting joys of life to stay:
If dread correction overtook his bliss,
Or other sorrows marr'd his happiness,
He, the next moment, careless of the pain,
Wipes off his tears, and joins in play again.
Is this not wisdom, which instructs the mind
Some antidote for mis'ry still to find?
To husband moments, which too quickly fly,
And, as they pass, make each produce its joy?

When adolescency his sports controul,
Or manhood mark fresh pleasures for his soul,
Tho' graver objects may his hours employ,
And novelty afford a transient joy,
Or serve the vacancy of sense to fill,
True they are chang'd, but are as trivial still.
While I on fancy's flighty pinions soar,
Retracing pleasures which now charm no more.
Connected scenes attract my wandering eyes,
In quick succession as they seem to rise.
In thought I stray among the rustling trees,
Inhaling life and health from every breeze:
My devious steps now trace the rivulet's source,
Or on its margin mark its wand'ring course.
Now on a sloping hill I take my stand,
And view the beauties of the fertile land;
Here the proud park appears for pleasure's train,
There the brown heath, "chill poverty's domain;"
Each tree, each bush, that memory holds dear,
In native beauty, o'er the plain appear.

Whence do these thoughts a pleasing joy impart,
And thrill with rapture thus a sinking heart?
Is it that they recal that little space
When youth was doom'd fair learning's page to trace?
Yet who can tell the trouble of that day,
When to'ards this then dread spot Will bent his way?
His bosom heav'd with many a sigh sincere,
As still he mark'd the destin'd day draw near,
When he should quit that peaceful place his home,
From whose sweet precincts he ne'er wish'd to roam.

He

He wandered round its well-known haunts once more,
And in thought acted former frolics o'er:
His feet unwilling trace the winding road,
That leads him from his earliest, best abode.

As thus he travers'd on his destin'd way,
His thoughts, in mournful accents, seem'd to say,
" O! that again I may these scenes retrace,
" And taste once more the pleasures of the place.
" How oft I've frolick'd o'er yon level lawn,
" To hail the pleasures of a summer's morn!
" That glen, impervious to the eye of day,
" Afforded shelter from Sol's piercing ray;
" While the soft murmuring rivulet's tepid wave,
" At noon-day's heat, my limbs was wont to lave."
But soon he's seen among the youthful throng,
Their little sports endeavouring to prolong:
No other happiness sought he to know,
Than what each trivial object could bestow:
Unerring from his hand the ball took flight,
Or pois'd with skill in air the paper kite.
Yet oft, at ease retir'd, Will's thoughts would stray
Beyond the pleasures of the present day,
And rest on objects doubly dear to view,
From the blest spot where first his breath he drew;
Or else where troubles caus'd the falling tear,
Such as attend on learning's slow career;
His view still homeward turn'd, and, with a sigh,
Bid the sad separating moment fly:
Or now indulging fancy's wider flight,
Thro' hope's blest medium, shares in pure delight;
Beholds completion crown his young ideas,
And sees fresh pleasures in succeeding years.

STANZAS *to* SLEEP.

By Mr. WHITEHOUST.

SOFT god of shadows, gentle sleep,
Once more to thee I pay my vow;
Again I woo thy murmurs deep,
To sooth this throbbing breast of mine,
And round my arching temples twine
The grateful foliage of thy cypress-bow;
Sweet are thy foldings; when the mind,
Laving the load of cares behind,
Expatiates 'midst thy visionary reign,
And bathes in slumbers bland the wakeful sense of pain.
Sweet are thy foldings; when to bless
The spirit faint with trials sore,
Thou com'st indulgent to restore
Past scenes of short-liv'd happiness!
When thy fairy-fingers dress
The paths where childhood lov'd to stray;
When joy with roses strew'd the way
And pleasure, nymph of heavenly birth,
Frolick'd blithe, with simple glee,
Sport, and rose-lipp'd gaiety,
The family of mirth!
Where playful at the cottage door,
Or in light gambols on the floor,
Infant groups with daisies crown'd
Frisk'd in many an airy round;
Or with instinctive aim began.